

THE
NEW-YORK
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. II

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1815.

NO. 2.

THE
Recluses of Snowden.

(Continued.)

Previous to the discovery which William had made of his master's family, Louisa had officiated as the sick man's nurse; but from that moment she received positive orders never to enter the room. The astonished Louisa, upon hearing the mandate, requested to be made acquainted with the cause. "I have my reasons," replied Melville, in an unusual tone of authority, "and I expect to be implicitly obeyed."

The prohibition was strictly attended to, yet a visible dejection marked Louisa's expressive face; which Melville perceiving, reproached himself as being the cause of, and by an increased tenderness of manner, endeavoured to disperse the gloom.

As I have distinguished the hero of my narrative by the assumed name of Melville, I shall call the father of Theodocius by the borrowed one of Barnley, and inform my readers, that

though Louisa knew her father's fortune and peace of mind had been injured by the treacherous conduct of some person in whom he had confided, yet the name of this pretended friend she had never heard. Melville, therefore, resolved to unbosom himself to her, and explain the motive which had induced him to repress her humane cares; though at first he jocosely said, he forbade her from entering the apartment, least the handsome person of Theodocius should make an impression upon her heart. Inspired with equal confidence by this mark of parental affection, Louisa completely quieted her father's fears, by assuring him it was impossible for her ever to form an attachment that he did not sanction and approve; "but deprive me not, I conjure you," said she, "of the pleasure I derive from displaying humanity; and allow me to show that civility to Theodocius which he has a right to expect from the mistress of this house."

"On your guarded prudence then I rely," replied Melville, taking his daughter affectionately by the hand.

and conducting her to the chamber of Theodocius, whose intellectual faculties were perfectly restored, and who, within the last three days, had appeared rapidly to mend. Of Louisa's attention to him, at the commencement of his illness, he would have been ignorant, had not William circumstantially related the thousand instances of her humanity and care; and from the moment of his faculties being restored to him, he had impatiently longed to behold his sympathising nurse.

"Is she fair?—is she tall?—is she interesting?—is she handsome?" were inquiries repeatedly made by the invalid; but the answer regularly made was, "Sir, she is a perfect angel—why, Lord bless ye, there is music in the very sound of her voice!"

Though Theodocius could with difficulty avoid smiling at his servant's description, yet it certainly exalted his curiosity to the highest pitch; though he sometimes could not avoid condemning his own folly, in feeling so much impatience to behold a country girl. "She may be pretty," he would say, "but bred up in retirement, it is impossible that her manners can be polished or refined. Her mother, it is true, might have been an elegant woman; but she lost her before the force of example could improve."

In reflections of this nature was Theodocius indulging, when his hospitable entertainer opened the door, leading in the blooming Louisa, and conducting her towards the bed: "My daughter," said he, "Mr. Darnley, wished to offer her congratulations upon the improved state of your health; and, as conductress of my small establishment, to say she hopes

the servants have gratified, and even endeavoured to anticipate your wants."

Louisa, without re-echoing her father's expressions, coincided with him in the same hope; but her voice, her gesture, and the angelic sweetness of her countenance, communicated to the heart of Theodocius an emotion which for some moments deprived him of the power of speech.

"I have a want, it is true, my dear sir," he replied, recovering himself, "but it is the want of language to describe the grateful sentiments which I feel. To your sympathizing kindness," continued he, "Miss Melville, I owe my existence; William has informed me that, but for your benevolent interposition, I must have lost my life. You were a guardian angel, delegated by heaven, to snatch me from the jaws of death. Let your own heart, then, judge of the sensations I must experience at beholding my deliverer; and at beholding in her every charm that can adorn the sex."

"Stop, my good sir," exclaimed Melville, laying his hand gently before the invalid's lips, "or my daughter will fly from you with precipitation, under the apprehension the fall has injured your head."

"Oh! in mercy do not leave me!" said the alarmed Theodocius, attempting to catch the drapery of Louisa's gown, "Surely, my dear sir, I may be permitted to pour forth those acknowledgments which an obligation of so exalted a nature must inspire in the most callous breast."

"I entreat you not to mention the term obligation," rejoined Louisa;—"I witnessed the unfortunate accident, reported it to your man and;

and surely this was merely an act of common humanity, wholly unentitled to the slightest praise."

"It was the act of a guardian angel! but I shall be silent," said Theodocius, perceiving a gathering cloud overspread Melville's face; "to you, sir, I have repeatedly endeavoured feebly to describe those grateful emotions which such unprecedented marks of hospitality as I have met with naturally must inspire; yet, as I perceive the theme is unpleasant to you, I will in future merely treasure the remembrance of them within my breast."

"On these conditions, and these only," replied Melville, "will I consent that my daughter shall occasionally visit you; for we are so simple and unrefined in our manners, that we are incapable of comprehending the studied form of expression, which unmeaningly passes in the polished world."

"For heaven's sake, my dear sir, do me not so much injustice, as to suppose my expressions do not correspond with the feelings of my heart," exclaimed Theodocius, exalting his natural tone of voice. The entrance of a servant with a letter, which he said had been brought by a special messenger, terminated a conversation which had excited in the breast of the too susceptible Louisa, a mixture of astonishment and concern; for there was an asperity in the tone of her father's voice, so foreign to his general manner, that she could not help fearing the invalid must construe it into a premeditated affront.

Having silently glanced his eye over the superscription, Melville eagerly tore open the letter, without

even the usual form of an apology; then hastily pacing the room with visible agitation, he hurried out of it, without articulating a single word. Louisa's countenance betrayed a thousand apprehensions. Theodocius found himself deprived of the power of speech; but at length, regaining a degree of composure, he expressed his fears that her father had received some unpleasant news. A summons from her father prevented her from replying; and though the signal was instantly obeyed, he demanded "why she had not followed him the moment he left the room?"

Louisa's spirits were unprepared for the severity of accent in which this inquiry was made; and, without making any answer to it, she burst into a flood of tears.

"Pardon, I conjure you, the effect of tortured feelings!" said Melville, tenderly embracing his dutiful child, "for, oh, my Louisa, could you but read what at this moment is passing in my bosom, you would not only overlook any hasty expression, but sympathize in what I feel!—but time is precious—and I cannot disclose my sorrows. I must instantly quit Wales; my presence is at this moment necessary in London, and in less than a quarter of an hour the horses will be at the gate. I must write a few lines to Mrs. Owen, to request she will be your visitor until my return; for it would be extremely improper that you should remain without a female companion, whilst young Darnley is in the house. And, Louisa," continued he, grasping her hand rather with violence than affection, "remember, that to your prudence and pre-

caution I intrust my future peace ; and, unless you wish to drive your father to a state of distraction, you will guard your heart against the insidious artifices of the man whom humanity induced me to receive under my roof : for too plainly do I perceive that he will endeavour to ingratiate himself into your good opinion, and then treacherously betray, abandon, and deceive. I do not forbid you from entering his apartment ; but I charge you, as you value my affection, never to do it unaccompanied by Mrs. Owen."

"The charge is wholly unnecessary, my dear father," said Louisa, interrupting him, "for surely you cannot think me so lost to propriety and self-respect."—"That was spoken like the daughter of the ill-fated Melville !" he rejoined, emphatically, "ever practise that admonitory lesson—*Reverence thyself!*"—it contains a volume of instruction ; but we must part, my beloved, my adored girl : I cannot now be explicit, but I will be more so when I arrive in town." So saying, he fondly embraced the object of his affection, whilst the tear of parental tenderness trembled in his eye ; and, as he gave her his parting benediction, he desired her not to press Theodocius to remain one day after he was able to bear the fatigue of travelling.

The singular conduct of Melville, his unusual asperity of demeanour, united to his undertaking such an unexpected journey, without explaining the cause ; all tended so completely to depress Louisa's spirits, that she retired to her apartment, and yielded to a flood of tears. Wholly unmin-

ful of the time which had elapsed since her father's departure, and of the intention he had expressed of sending for Mrs. Owen, she was roused from her gloomy reflections by the sound of that lady's voice, inquiring from the servant whether their mistress had walked out.

"This is kind of you, indeed, my dear madam," said Louisa, hastily descending the stairs. "Why, my sweet little rose-bud," rejoined the facetious Mrs. Owen, "what can have occasioned this decrease of bloom ?" And, still continuing to view her with a look of sympathy and astonishment, she added, "Although my favourite flower, I perceive, has been recently watered with the nurturing drops of dew."

There was a mixture of natural ignorance and assumed acquirements in the character of Mrs. Owen, that could not fail to amuse a cultivated mind ; and as she was the only female with whom Louisa had any association, the attention she received from her called forth gratitude and esteem ; although she could not help smiling at her follies, particularly when she indulged in what she termed her poetic flights. That this votary of the muses was in one of her Apollonian humours, was evident from the style of her address ; but Louisa's spirits were in too depressed a state to be amused by it, and she felt the want of some congenial spirit, in whose bosom she could repose her inquietudes and distress. "Whence the melancholy which overshadows that angelic countenance, my dear creature ?" continued Mrs. Owen, perceiving the tears unbidden start from Louisa's azure eyes ; "Is

It the absence of Mr. Melville that occasions them? or are you still deploring the *Captivating Narcissus'* hapless fall? Well, but seriously, my sweet girl, you must instantly introduce me to this sighing, dying swain; whom Owen declares is the most enchanting creature his eyes ever beheld."

(To be continued.)

FALLS OF THE MISSOURI.

(Concluded from our last.)

He therefore pursued the south-west course of the river, which was one constant succession of rapids and small cascades, at every one of which the bluffs grew lower, as the bed of the river became more on a level with the plains. At the distance of two and a half miles he arrived at another cataract of twenty-six feet. The river here is six hundred feet wide, but the descent is not immediately perpendicular, though the river falls generally with a regular and smooth sheet; for about one third of the descent, a rock protrudes to a small distance, receives the water in its passage, and gives it a curve. On the south side is a beautiful plain, a few feet above the level of the falls; on the north the country is more broken, and there is a hill not far from the river. Just below the falls is a little island in the middle of the river well covered with timber. Here, on a cottonwood tree an eagle had fixed its nest, and seemed the undisturbed mistress of a spot, to contest whose dominion neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surrounded it, and which is further secured by the mist rising from

the falls. This solitary bird could not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls, which now proves to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height." Vol. 1. p. 260—264.

"For more than thirteen miles," says the Journal in another place, "we went along the numerous bends of the river, and then reached two small islands; three and three quarter miles beyond which is a small creek in a bend to the left, above a small island on the right side of the river. We were regaled about ten o'clock P. M. with a thunder-storm of rain and hail, which lasted for an hour, but during the day in this confined valley, through which we are passing, the heat is almost insupportable; yet whenever we obtain a glimpse of the lofty tops of the mountains, we are tantalized with a view of the snow. These mountains have their sides and summits partially varied with little copses of pine, cedar, and balsam fir. A mile and a half beyond this creek, the rocks approach the river on both sides, forming a most sublime and extraordinary spectacle. For five and three quarter miles, these rocks rise perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of nearly twelve hundred feet. They are composed of a black granite near its base, but from its lighter colour above, and from the fragments, we suppose the upper part to be flint of a yellowish brown and cream colour. Nothing can be imagined more tremendous than the frowning darkness of these rocks, which project over the river and

menace us with destruction. The river, of one hundred and fifty yards in width, seems to have forced its channel down this solid mass, but so reluctantly has it given way, that during the whole distance the water is very deep, even at the edges, and for the first three miles there is not a spot, except one of a few yards, in which a man could stand between the water and the towering perpendicular of the mountain; the convulsion of the passage must have been terrible, since at its outlet there are vast columns of rock torn from the mountain, which are strewn on both sides of the river, the trophies as it were of the victory. Several fine springs burst out from the chasms of the rock, and contribute to increase the river, which has now a strong current, but very fortunately we are able to overcome it with our oars; since it would be impossible to use either the cord or the pole. We were obliged to go on some time after dark, not being able to find a spot large enough to encamp on, but at length, about two miles above a small island in the middle of the river, we met with a spot on the left side, where we procured plenty of light wood and pitch-pine. This extraordinary range of rocks were called the Gates of the Rocky Mountains. We had made 22 miles, and 4 1-4 from the entrance of the gates. The mountains are higher to-day than they were yesterday. We saw some big horns, a few antelopes and beaver, but since entering the mountains have found no buffalo; the otter however are in great plenty; the mosquitoes have become less troublesome than they were." Vol. 1. p. 310, 311.

FRAGMENT

Of ancient Poetry, translated from the Gallic or Erse Language.

RYNO AND ALPIN.

Ryno—The wind and the rain are over: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stormy vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of *Alpin*, the son of the song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. *Alpin*, thou son of the song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lovely shore?

Alpin.—My tears, O *Ryno*! are for the dead; my voice, for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like *Morar*; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O *Morar*! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm of December. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou returnedst from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of the night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three

steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before ! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar ! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this ? Who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step ?—It is thy father, O Morar ! the father of none but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle ; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's fame ; why did he not hear of his wound ? Weep, thou father of Morar ! weep : but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead ; low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice ; no more shall he awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake ?

Farewell, thou bravest of men ! thou conqueror in the field ; but the field shall see thee no more : nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. But the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee ; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

FEMALE SWINDLER.

A London paper of Dec. 22, says, a lady, with the exterior of a woman of fashion and fortune, drove up to the door of an eminent haberdasher's, in the vicinity of Soho, in a splendid car-

riage, with foot-men in very rich liveries. On alighting and entering the shop, some of the young men attended to receive her commands, but she called for the master, said she wanted a variety of things, and would not communicate with any one else. The master being apprised of her wishes, and fearful of affronting a customer of her rank and distinction, although not in the habit of attending customers, came from his parlour to serve her. She immediately proceeded to look out a variety of goods, particularly lace, of which she purchased to the amount of 500*l*. The articles being packed up, she desired one of her footmen to bring her banker's book from the pocket of the carriage. The footmen returned and said he could not find it ; on which she expressed considerable surprise and disappointment, being certain that she had put it there on leaving home. Turning to the haberdasher, she then said he must send one of his young men with her for the money, but he declined the proposition and went himself, conceiving it to be the safer course. After a drive to a remote part of the town, the carriage stopped at a very large and handsome house, the door was open and they went in. The haberdasher was shewn into the parlour, while the lady ran up stairs to her dressing room for the money. There were two persons seated in the parlour when the haberdasher entered—one of them a youth, the other a grave looking middle aged gentleman. The lady not returning with the money, he expressed some surprise, of which the strangers for some time took no notice, but on his becoming impatient, in consequence

of suspecting a fraud, they proceeded to use violence and force him into a strait jacket. An explanation ensued, which led to a discovery that he was in a private mad-house; that the lady had been there on the preceding day, and made every preparation for her husband, whom she described as a madam who fancied that he was a haberdasher, and had been robbed and ruined by thieves and swindlers; that from the documents and references which she had furnished them with, they had no suspicion of a trick; and that on delivering him to them she drove away, but wither they knew not, she being a perfect stranger. It appears that the lady, the coachman, and the two footmen, are all one knot of swindlers.

FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

Matrimonial Budget.

THE House having resolved itself into a committee of supplies, and ways and means, Lady Longmuch took the chair. Mrs. Wriggle rose, and spoke to the following purport:

Mrs. President—I rise, upon this occasion, to express my sentiments at this very alarming crisis. We are now met, in this committee, to consider of ways and means to rise the necessary supplies of husbands throughout the Kingdom. At a time when so many brave officers, and effective men, are employed abroad, in the defence of their country, it is necessary to look at home and take such measures, as may be meet to prevent any deficit in the amount of the rising generation. I am sorry to say, there is not only a

great defalcation in the list of staff officers at home, but there is such a number of half pay widows upon the English as well as the Irish establishment as seems to threaten a general defalcation throughout these realms. It therefore behoves every member within these walls, to exert her utmost abilities, and throw out such hints, as may, in the most eligible manner, tend to remove the evil. I shall, therefore, with great submission to the chair, propose to the committee the following Resolutions:—

The Bachelors turned of 45, shall make a will, and bequeath one half of their property, upon their demise, (as they themselves can be of no further use while living) for the support and relief of distressed maidens against their will, in order to enable them to obtain husbands, suitable to their rank and pretensions; otherwise, the said Bachelors are to be deemed old maids to all intents and purposes.

That all *natural* children shall be pronounced the offspring of Bachelors, and that they may be compelled to provide for them accordingly.

That all Officers who shew the least appearance of *fortune hunting*, shall be immediately, upon proper information, dismissed His Majesty's service.

That 1,000,000 of *enchancing smiles*, with a proportionable number of *captivating ogles*, be immediately issued for the service of the ladies during the current year.

That 900,000 *languishing looks*, be granted out of the sinking fund of beauty, to make good disappointments and deficiencies incurred last year.

That *bewitching kisses*, bearing three and an half per cent. be consolidated

with *flouting lips*, and made transferable.

That 600,000 Husbands be raised by way of lottery, with an agreeable *douceur*, to the Subscribers. The prizes to be paid immediately, without any deduction, in Irish currency.

That one million *necessary blushes* and *occasional sighs* be issued immediately upon the drawing of the lottery.

That all the artillery of Love be properly provided from *Cupid's Board of Ordinance*, under the sign-manual of the *Cupidian Queen*.

A FEMALE LEGISLATOR.

London paper.

A GOOD WIFE IS A GOOD THING.

A good wife is a being selected by a benign providence to scatter the roses of contentment, and strew the dark and serpentine paths of life with the choicest, the most fadeless flowers; and is truly the "*last best gift of God to man*." Formed to charm, to allure and fascinate the whole soul of an affectionate husband, she can at any time, transfuse a portion of her own spirit into his, and by the powerful magic of a smile, change in a moment the bitter draught of his existence to dreams of the most *delicious nectar*.

She is the centre of the powerful *attractive system*, in which revolve, with uniform motion, all the bewitching graces, all the home-born delights of refined and tranquil love. She gives a new charm, and adds an exquisite delight to all the blandishments of *social life*. Solitude is a stranger where she dwells; and melancholy, pausing over his mournful story, dares not approach her consecrated mansion.

She is the silver wand which chases

away the *demon* of sorrow, and restore the sun-shine of her soul. In her right hand, *health happiness and dawning honors*; and in her left, an *inverted mirror* reflecting the loveliest objects in creation.

A good wife will soften the asperity of thy temper, and smooth thy brow, clouded with sadness. She will kindly watch over thy bed of sickness, and whisper in softest accents, the language of *consolation* to thy drooping heart. She will form thy mind to generous exertions, and make thee nobly emulous of *real greatness*; and when the last faint flashes of life's expiring lamp have quivered out their little moment, her tears will moisten the clay-clod form; and her prayers ascending for thy *final happiness* will gently waft thy disembodied Spirit to the garden of the Paradise of God.

JUDGE BURNETT'S ADVICE.

Judge Burnet being once applied to by an old farmer in his neighbourhood for his advice in a law suit, he heard his case with great patience, and then asked him whether he ever put into a lottery? "No, sir," says the farmer "I hope I have more prudence then to run such risks." "Why then take my advice, my good friend, and suffer any inconvenience rather than go to law, as the chances are more against you there than in any other lottery."

STUDY.

The scholar, says Ganganelli, should so arrange his affairs, as to leave off, till another time, when he finds himself no longer inclined to study. He should not labour like the ox that is yoked to the plough, nor like the mercenary, who is paid by the day.

VARIETY.

The following Price Current appeared in the
(Albany) Stranger.

<i>Honesty.</i>	None in market.
<i>Patriotism</i> , 1st qual.	No demand.
2d do.	Principally bought up by speculators.
<i>Prudence</i>	At par. (all held by old stockholders.)
<i>Modesty.</i>	None but damaged parcels in market.
<i>Vice.</i>	Large quantities held, no sales.
<i>Pride.</i>	Markets glutted.
<i>Politeness.</i>	Very cheap, but the owners appear in- different about the disposal of it.
<i>Wit.</i>	All bought up for the New-York market.
<i>Scandal.</i>	None offered at whole- sale--the article al- together engrossed by hawkers and pedlars.
<i>Religion.</i>	When brought into market, it is gene- rally highly adulte- rated--Sales nom- inal.
<i>Love.</i>	None offered, except for real estate.
<i>Coquetry.</i>	Very little offered, in consequence of the difficulty of man- aging the sales.
<i>Talents.</i>	A cash article. No credit allowed.
<i>Sincerity</i>	Out of season.

PREFACES.

A preface being the porch, or the entrance, to a book, should be perfectly beautiful. It is the elegance of a porch which announces the splendor of an edifice. I have observed, that ordinary readers skip over these little elaborate compositions. Our fair ladies consider them as so many pages lost, which might better be employed

in the addition of a picturesque scene or a tender letter to their novels.—For my part, I always gather amusement from a Preface, be it awkwardly or skilfully written; for dullness, or impertinence, may raise a laugh for a page or two, though they become insufferable throughout a whole volume.

GAITY

Is a pure and copious spring, of which the waters are never exhausted, and flow even with a brisk agitation, and a lively murmur. Wit is a stream forced artificially up into the air. Its sallies are surprising, but they are soon at an end.

A Deist, thinking to silence a Christian, by banter and knotty questions, inquired—"What is your God?" "A Spirit," says the Christian. "How large is he?" "So large as to fill immensity, and so small as to dwell in the humble and contrite heart."

LEGAL REFINEMENT.

The coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young lady, who had hung herself in a fit of love frenzy, brought in their verdict—"Died by the visitation of Cupid."

An orator, at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with premising that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of, into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur and to interrupt this formidable beginning. But, continued the orator, to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them!

PUNNING.

A fanatical preacher quarrelled with his friend on Christmas Eve.—"If I were *Abel*, said the parson I would *Cain* you." "I dont care *Adam* for you, exclaimed the other; your religion is a mere *Job*."

THE MENTAL MISER.

Charles, like a miser, hoards his share of wit ;
He's past three score, and ne'er produc'd it yet.

SERIOUS TRUTH.

Ingratitude to benefactors is the first of revolutionary virtues. Ingratitude is, indeed, the four cardinal virtues of rebels, compacted and amalgamated into one.

The following sly trick was put upon the toll gatherer of the Ashly river bridge, near Charleston, (S. C.) a few days since: Two tars, whose month's advance was nearly exhausted, found themselves, on their arrival at the bridge, in possession of but six cents; one of them, knowing that their funds were inadequate to defray the expense of their passage, advanced in front of his shipmate, and demanded the price of the *voyage*? The reply was, "six cents each." "Do you charge for *luggage*?" replied Jack, "No." Then stepping back, and taking his brother upon his shoulders, he marched over with all the gravity imaginable.

A certain Hibernian lady had a custom of saying to a favourite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along sir." A *would be witty* gentleman stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with, "Is it me, madam, you called?" "Oh, no Sir," said she, with great composure "It was *another puppy* I spoke to."

A man on his way to market with a sleigh load of dead hogs, observing a little girl courtesy to him as he passed in the street, exclaimed, What? do you courtesy to dead hogs? No sir, replied she, to the *live* one.

TOE-POGRAPHY.

Artists, who understand anatomy, are fond of giving us what they call *maps* of the parts of the human body. One of this description, has lately published a *map* of the *foot*. This may be called *Toe-pography*.

GEOGRAPHY.—NEW SYSTEM.

The following elegant notice of Mr. Gleason's improved method of teaching the useful science of Geography and Astronomy, is copied from the Providence Gaz.

Few sciences tend more to enlarge and liberalize the mind than that of Geography. To the young it opens a wide field for the ramblings of youthful fancy. On the wings of thought, he visits the remotest Indies—now beholds the temples of Asiatic magnificence—now walks to the fertile banks of the Nile and admires those lofty Pyramids, which have for many ages mocked the efforts of all destroying time. Again crossing the Atlantic, he views the vast chain of American Lakes, and hears the thunders of the falling floods of Niagara; or from the snow-capt submit of the Andes, looks down upon the wide Pacific, the turbid Atlantic, the deep-rolling tides of La Plata and Amazon, and the green vallies and fertile plains of South America. For age, too, Geography has its charms. What was once the delight of his youth, becomes a rich source of profitable conversation and serious reflection.

Who that views the earth with a learned eye, contemplates the whole as a vast globe, revolving round the sun, and forming but one wheel in the vast machinery of the universe, does not feel forcibly impressed with the power, the wisdom and goodness of the mighty Architect who framed, supports, and governs the whole! The method of teaching this invaluable science, lately introduced into this town, by the gentleman (Mr. Gleason) who is now delivering a course of Lectures, meets with our cordial approbation. His plan is liberal; full of images that make lasting impressions on the memory, and at once introduce the pupil to the grand outlines of Geography. It affords an easy means of recruiting the mind with a new stock of ideas, which are acquired with pleasure, and remembered with profit. We are happy to know that it meets with a patronage that does honour to the citizens. A FRIEND TO SCIENCE.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

REFLECTIONS IN A VILLAGE CHURCH-YARD.

All, all is calm in this eternal sleep,
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep ;
Ev'n superstition loses every fear,
For *God*, not man, absolves our frailties here.

POPE.

HARK ! 'tis the bell whose sullen sound,
Proclaims another spirit fled ;
Some limbs that once were fleet as mine,
'Neath yon cold sod shall soon be laid.

Ere yet it winds the village road,
Or up the church-yard path appears ;
I'll hie me to the well known spot,
And muse on scenes to mem'ry dear.

I'll rest me near some favourite grave,
'Till twilight warns me to depart ;
Here's food sufficient for the mind,
And scenes like these must mend the heart.

In many a grave that meets my eye,
Reposes friends I once have known ;
And mem'ry still recalls the scenes,
Of former days forever flown.

Sleep on in peace, poor silent shades,
Happy are you that's gone before ;
The sod lies lightly on your breasts,
And death's dark stream is ferried o'er.

But all must die : and my fleet limbs
Must shortly press the dampy sod ;
And mould'ring into common earth,
Be numb'ed with the valley's clod.

A few more short revolving suns,
May find me in the church-yard laid ;
And I now weeping o'er your tombs,
May want the generous tears I shed.

When o'er my form the green turf swells,
Perhaps some stranger ling'ring near,
May heave one general sigh for all,
And kindly *God* ope sorrowing tears.

But farewell friends, when once we clasp
Our mother earth, we're soon forgot ;
Some flatt'ring verse on marble stone,
Is all that falls to our sad lot.

Miss'd for a day, but soon pass'd o'er,
The very turf that crowns our head,
Deck'd in the garb of spring shall bloom,
While all beneath is cold and dead.

Well, let our fragile forms decay,
Unseen beneath the grassy sod ;
If at the close of parting life,
The soul unbounded springs to *God*.

ALLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO *****.

Where's that smile, perfidious maid,
Which lur'd but to deceive me ?
Where's those accents which betray'd,
When I too soon believ'd thee ?
That sweet smile which lately beam'd
On thy heaven illumin'd brow ;
Those kind words, and looks which gleam'd,
They are chang'd—forgotten now !

And with them are gone those joys,
Resting on a woman's mind ;
Which the slightest breath destroys,
Since they're fickle as the wind.
Fled are now those golden dreams,
Which my hopes of thee inspir'd ;
Sett's that sun's effulgent beams,
Which of late my bosom fir'd.

But another maid more fair,
And less changeable than thou ;
Less deceitful—false—may hear,
And accept my faithful vow.
Yet a brighter sun may rise,
And re-illumine my breast with joy ;
Kindling rapture from the skies,
Which *thy* falsehood can't destroy.

PHILANDER.

EPICRAM.

Whether Laverter's fool, or sage,
I know not by his chin and eyes,
But by his works, I will engage,
To prove, *he* is not otherwise.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

SOLDIER rest—thy toil is over—

War's shrill clarion sounds no more !

Emma flies to meet her lover,

Yes, to meet—to part no more.

War's alarms had torn thee from her,

E're the nuptial knot was tied ;

PEACE returns thee, crown'd with honour,

Soon she'll be thy blooming bride.

Of't while far the billows bore thee,

Would she sit and sigh alone ;

And pray that heaven would soon restore
thee,

To thy peaceful, happy home.

Heaven at length her prayers have granted,

Charles returns with laurel'd brow ;

His heart which late for glory panted,

Beats alone for Emma now.

Soldier rest, thy toils are over,

War's shrill clarion sounds no more ;

Peace return the faithful lover,

To his Emma's arms once more.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A lawyer quite famous for making a bill,

And who in good living delighted ;

To dinner one day, with a hearty good will,

Was by a rich client invited !

But he charg'd 6 and 8d for going to dine,

Which the client he paid, tho' no ninny ;

And in turn, charged the lawyer for dinner
and wine—

One a crown, and the other a guinea.

But gossips, you know, have a saying in
store,

Who matches a lawyer, has only one more ;

The lawyer he paid it and took a receipt,

While the client star'd at him with wonder ;

But gave to his friends with the produce a
treat,

Tho' the lawyer soon made him knock
under ;

That the client sold wine, information he laid,

Without license, and in spite of his storm-
ing,

The client a good thumping penalty paid,

And the lawyer got half for informing !

ON THE ROSE.

By Harwood.

MISTRESS of Spring's bright scene,

Half clos'd and smiling on the eye of day,

Or waving mid the air serene,

Or op'ning to the fast'ring ray,

Dispense around thy odours sweet,

Expand thy blooming leaf,

Regale the sense with choicest treat,

And on the zephyr's wings,

Ere while thy praise the poet sings,

Do thou the influence lend, of nature's bloom
the chief.

ON A WATCH.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight,

Thy reason let it warn ;

And seize, my dear, that rapid time,

That never must return.

If idly lost, no art or care,

The blessing can restore ;

And heav'n requires a strict account,

For ev'ry mis-spent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,

And soon its prospect ends,

Yet on that day's uncertain date,

Eternity depends.

Yet equal to our beings aim,

The space of virtue giv'n ;

And ev'ry minute well improv'd ;

Secure's an age in heav'n.

THE SETTING SUN.

The sun sinks down his shortened beams

Beyond yon slowly rising hill ;

How gay the smiling landscape seems !

All nature, ah ! how calm ! how still !

Thus the good man, whose blameless life,

And virtuous race is almost run ;

How innocent, how free from strife !

He sees the thread of life just spun

Calm and resignedly he bears

The dissolution of his frame ;

And full of honour and of years,

Behind him leaves a virtuous name.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MAY 13, 1815.

Intelligence.

A dreadful accident has happened at Scillay in Further Calabria. During a storm, which happened on the 14th of January, the lightning fell upon a vast magazine of powder, and 58 soldiers were killed by the explosion. A considerable part of the works of the fortress were destroyed, and by the fall of the ruins 33 persons were killed. Three whole families were victims of this terrific accident. The same day the lightning did much damage on the opposite side of the gulph, particularly at Messina.—*Gaz.*

A Buffaloe paper of May 2, says, from some unknown cause the water in this Lake has been rising for about three years. During which time, it has risen nearly three feet; and according to its natural motion, will continue to rise during the summer. The Niagara River, rising in proportion to this increased supply of water from the western world, by the rapidity of its current, is rendered more difficult to pass. May it not arise from the improvement of the lands lying on the margin of Lake Erie, admitting a more free passage of the water in its tributary streams?

At Norfolk, the 3d inst. during a storm of wind and rain, there fell a shower of hail of a larger size, than was ever witnessed in this place, by the oldest inhabitants; many of the pieces measured 5 inches in circumference, and were of a very singular form, resembling mis-shapen lumps of ice, diverging off in a variety of little points. They did not fall with sufficient force to do any injury.

The graining mill, belonging to the Powder works of Williams and Stull, near Bladensburgh Virginia, exploded, and four of the workmen killed.

The new Catholic Cathedral in this city, which was begun in the year 1809, and lately so far completed as to be

fit for divine service, was last Thursday the 4th inst. (Ascension day) solemnly dedicated to God under the name of St. Patrick, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cheverus, Bishop of Boston.

The Trustees of the New-York Free School, in their annual report, dated the 1st instant, says, that "in the course of the last year, six hundred and thirty-seven children were admitted into the Schools; of whom three hundred and fourteen were totally destitute of learning; and, in the same period, five hundred and two were discharged. That there are, at the present time, in the School in Chatham-street, five hundred and thirty-three scholars, of both sexes: and, in the two rooms in Henry street, four hundred, and that the progress which has been made in their various studies, during the last twelve months, may be ascertained, with tolerable accuracy, by the following statement. In that period, 242 children have been advanced from making the letters in sand, to monosyllable reading on boards; 177 from the latter, to reading in Murray's First Book; 230 from ditto, to writing on slates; 172 to writing on paper; 181 to reading the bible; 208 to addition and subtraction in arithmetic; 110 to multiplication and division; 15 to the compounds of the four last rules; 10 to reduction, and the rule of three.

The office of communicating religious instruction to the children, by teaching them the Catechisms of their respective Churches, is still performed by the Association of Benevolent Females, who so zealously engaged in. Their kindness has also prompted them to furnish many of the scholars with comfortable cloathing during the late inclement season.

The children, at present under the care of the society, are said to belong to the different religious denominations, as follows:

Presbyterians, 365	Baptists, 444
Methodists, 175	Rom. Catholics, 57
Episcopalians, 159	Dutch Church, 33

Two valuable vessels have arrived at Boston, within the last week, from Canton, which sailed the same day, and arrived within a few hours of each other, after a passage of 9000 miles.

A London paper of January 4, says, that on Sunday, after the performance of the funeral service over the remains of a woman in Shoreditch church yard, and when the coffin had been nearly covered with earth, a moan was heard from the grave, which arrested the hand of the grave digger; and it was followed by another, which convinced him that the sound came from the coffin. No time was lost by the persons still remaining around the grave, to open it, when the woman was found struggling for breath. She was immediately carried into the vestry room, where she revived, and was shortly after carried home.

Nuptial.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. Robert Penoyer, to Miss Maria Van Beuren, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Maclay, Mr. Henry Clark, to Miss Mary Ann Picket.

By the Rev. Mr. Milledolar, Mr. William H. Thompson, to Mrs. Janette King, daughter of Mr. Elias Nexsen, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, 30th April, by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. John Nash, to Miss Margaret Jane, both of this city.

At Friends' Meeting House, Mr. Richard Talcot, merchant, of Scipio, to Miss Mary Valentine, daughter of Mr. Jacob Valentine, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Thomas S. Byrnes, to Miss Lydia Ann Jones, of Wilmington, (Del.)

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Charles Cooper, of Poughkeepsie, to Miss Maetha Wallace of Newark.

At Blackwell's Island, Mr. Robert Starr, to Miss Lydia H. Blackwell, daughter of Mr. James Blackwell.

At Jamaica, Mr. James S. Bailey of this city, to Miss Eliza C. Waters, of the former place.

In London, Thomas Coutis, Esq. an eminent banker, worth four million of dollars, to Miss Mellon, of Drury Lane Theatre.

Obituary.

DIED

In this city, from the 22d ult. to the 6th inst. not published before in this paper.

Sarah Simmons, aged 46. John Dener, 37. Mary Birdslee, aged 30. John Coonrod, 21. Cuff Williams, aged 43. Catharine Boughten, aged 21. Mary Crawford, 62. Thomas Boadle, aged 29. Samuel James, aged 40. Mary Van Horn, aged 26. Martha Van Wyke, aged 40. Jane Kearney, aged 55. Jane Struben, aged 38. John Frederick, aged 42. James Jones, aged 26. Margaret Buchan, aged 19. Augustin Sammis, aged 55. Philip Turner, aged 75. Mary Carshore, aged 42. Charles Thompson, aged 37. William George, aged 30. Thomas Harris, aged 50. Debby Blair, aged 26. Silvia Smith, aged 60. John Patterson, aged 25. Susanna Dubenield, aged 60. Sarah Sears, aged 34. John Ward, aged 26. Martin Roseter, aged 35. Gabriel Travis, aged 26. John Brown, aged 60. Mary Beck, aged 30. William Abernally, aged 23. William Ridley, aged 47. Jane Roberts, aged 85. Jane Steubens, aged 45. Thomas George, aged 30. John Davis, aged 40. John Fleming, aged 22. Sarah Freeman, aged 51. Margaret Dunnan, aged 72. Henry Mitchell, aged 46. Gale Gardner, aged 25. Henry Daniels, aged 29. Ann M'Donald, aged 85. Deliverance Smith, 36. Frederick Scioen, aged 47. Pompey Van Keuran, aged 23. Samuel Beattie, 45. Becky Veal, aged 34. Maria Hadley, aged 19. Abigail Prentis, aged 30. Elizabeth Van Cuzin, aged 23. A man unknown, drowned, and 11 boys and 10 girls.

Mrs. Margaret Welshman, wife of Mr. Edward Welshman.

Mr. Samuel Clark, after a tedious illness.

Mrs. Elizabeth Van Courtland, in the 84th year of her age.

Bythenia Smith, aged 26, consort of capt. Wm. H. Smith.

William Tapscott and William West, were this week found drowned. They belonged to a Pettiauger of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, which is supposed to have upset in the bay, bound to this port from the Delaware.

In Providence, R. I. on the 8th inst. in the 76th year of his age, the hon. Jabez Bowen, L. L. D. Chancellor of Brown University, and formerly governor of that state.

In England, in Feb. last, the rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D. one of the most accomplished scholars and truly Apostolic Divines of his age. He was deeply versed in all the oriental languages, and, at the time of his death, was superintending an edition of the scriptures for the use of the Syrian christians.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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An excellent and approved medicine.

FOR the benefit of our fellow-men, it is made known, that it may be used as an excellent remedy in the following Diseases and Cases, viz.

If every morning fasting, about a tea spoonful is taken inwardly, it is an excellent remedy against Rheumatism, provided it is not of an old standing, and proper diet is observed at the same time. If it is taken now and then, it strengthens the stomach and breast, causes an easy respiration, and strengthens, in general, the whole body, and preserves health, causing a good appetite to eat.

If this Spring Oil is applied outwardly, it becomes in particular a very fine remedy against Rheumatism, and pain in the limbs, in Sprains, Dislocations, various kinds of Swellings, and the like; in those cases it must be well rubbed into the parts affected before the fire. The Indians are accustomed, in violent Head-Aches, to annoint their temples with it, that they may find relief. Upon the whole, this Oil is of so great esteem among the Indians in those parts, that they use it in all disorders above mentioned.

Sold by

HULL & BOWNE,

DRUGGISTS,

May 13, (3m)

No. 146 Pearl-street.

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To be drawn in September next.

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5 prizes of	\$10,000 each
2 do of	10,000
10 do of	5,000
25 do of	1,000

Not two Blanks to a Prize.

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A Second Hand Piano Forte and Barrel Organ for sale cheap

BERNARD WENMAN, Jeweller, No. 13 Maiden-lane, has for sale, a rich variety of the most fashionable Bracelets, Clasps, Breast Pins, and Ear-Rings; together with a new assortment of Silver Ware, &c.

He also has on hand White Chapel Needles of various kinds, which he will also sell on the most reasonable terms.

THE MUSEUM,

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